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Winter Sports at Huntington Lake Lodge

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

WINTER SPORTS *at* HUNTINGTON LAKE LODGE *in the* HIGH SIERRAS

The Story of the First Annual Ice and Snow Carnival
of the Commercial Club of Fresno
California

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

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To the party of sixty-five members
of the
COMMERCIAL CLUB OF FRESNO
a party without a grouch, or a kicker
who made
The First Annual Ice and Snow Carnival
at
Huntington Lake
the great success it was
these pages are cordially dedicated
by their guest and friend
George Wharton James.

List of Party

The Boosters of the Fresno Commercial Club and their guests, who made up the party for the First Annual Winter Carnival at Huntington Lake Lodge:

FROM FRESNO

Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. B. M.
Anderson, Elmer A.
Bergh, S. W.
Hopkins, Dr. and Mrs. E. L.
Hopkins, Miss Evelyn
Buswell, J. M.
Chamberlain, Mrs. H. I.
Cooper, N. Ray
Compton, W. I.
Clausen, Walter Berten
Einstein, Mrs. Louis
Einstein, Miss Elsa
Einstein, Lesley
Einstein, Edwin
Epstein, Mr. and Mrs. Ben
Frutiger, Mrs. W. A.
Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. J. B.
Goodman, Miss Ruth
Hasselbach, Mr. and Mrs. A.
Jones, Hayden
Kutner, Mr. and Mrs. Louis
Laval, C. C.
Laval, Miss Lorraine
Leyden, E. A.
Matlock, Mr. and Mrs. W. L.
Meisenheimer, Miss B.
Miller, Miss Alice
Miller, Miss Margaret
Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. D.
Nicholson, A.
Perraud, L.
Potter, Craig H.
Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. C. W.
Sunderland, Miss Netta
Swift, Miss Gertrude
Schubert, Mr. and Mrs. A. W.
Tilton, Harold
Thrane, Mr. and Mrs. R.
Walcott, Bert
Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. G. S.
Waterman, Miss Katharine
Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. and son
Watson, G. Gaylord
Winning, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. and son

FROM SELMA

Nash, Mr. and Mrs. W. G.
Scott, Mrs. L. D.
Scott, Miss Netta
Wright, Mr. and Mrs. F. B.

FROM MERCED

Smith, Dr. and Mrs. J. C.
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. E.

FROM CASCADA

Lawton, Mr. and Mrs. R. B.
Bemis, Dr.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Scott, J. J.

FROM LOS ANGELES

Munger, D. A.

FROM PASADENA

James, George Wharton

FROM COALINGA

Peeler, Col. R. L.

FROM OAKLAND

Bundy, Miss M.

SNOW CARNIVAL COMMITTEE

J. M. Buswell, *Chairman*

F. E. Kidder L. W. Wilson

FOREWORD

FOR centuries snow and rain have fallen on the High Sierras of California making the rills, brooklets, streams and rivers that, throughout the year, pour forth their vivifying waters into the heart of the thirsty valleys which lie toward the Western Sea. Indians have roamed over these High Sierras, have fished and bathed in these waters, and there their usefulness seems to have ended. But the resistless Anglo-Saxon invaded the scene, first as trapper, then as miner, cattle-man, lumberman, fisherman, lover of majestic scenery, and finally as conservator of the mountain's natural resources. Among other of these resources the greatest was found to be the potentialities of the waters for the development of electric energy. In the far-away cities of the valleys, and even of regions across other ranges of mountains were cities of restless, energetic peoples demanding vast supplies of electricity for lighting and heating their homes, streets, stores, and markets, for driving their street-cars, automobiles, machines and power plants.

Modern Science saw in the Sierran streams the means of supplying these demands, hence it linked hands with Capital to wrest from these snow-born waters the electrical energy they contained. Roads were engineered and built into the mountains, sites for the erection of gigantic dams were chosen which would impound great masses of these hitherto vagrant waters and thus create beautiful lakes in the midst of scenic glories and wonders unsurpassed on the face of the earth. Busy men came and blasted great masses of granite from quarries created

by the Eternal; then the roads were lined with steel —man's track for the iron horse,—and soon locomotives and trains of cars were carrying men and supplies for the more rapid prosecution of the work in these once unknown mountain recesses. Like magic the dams came into existence. Modern Aladdins flashed their lamps and buildings equivalent to the palaces and temples of antiquity sprang up, in which hydro-electric power-plants were stored; a large lake five miles long and a mile broad appeared; tons of steel for towers, and tons of steel-cored aluminum cable for transmission lines were supplied to the hordes of busy men, who like never-resting ants cut wide pathways through the trees, up and down canyons and ravines that hitherto had felt only the tread of the foot of panther, lynx, coyote or Indian. Cement bases for great towers were laid; the steel beams arose in air; the lines of cable were stretched up, down, across, ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, two hundred and fifty miles to far-away Los Angeles, the growing metropolis of California of the South. In the meantime an 84-inch pipe, tapering down to 24 inches, built to resist nine hundred pounds pressure, was laid, reaching from the lake—which had already been named after the chief capitalist interested in the project, Huntington Lake—twenty-one hundred and three feet below to where the power-house stood. Here were placed on solid granite foundations four water-wheels, directly connected with two generators of 42,500 horsepower.

When all was ready it remained to see if Nature and Science had so far worked together that when the water was allowed to come dashing down the pipe upon the great wheels, they would generate the power and transmit it to the eagerly awaiting stations in far-away Los Angeles. Many innovations had been ventured upon; great interests were at stake; Science and Commerce alike waited the fateful moment with profound intentness.

Stevenson Creek Falls, in the San Joaquin Sierras

A California Live Oak on the Foothills of the San Joaquin Sierras

Just Fishing in the Rapids on Big Creek, in the Sierras of the San Joaquin

Where the Speckled Beauties Rise to the Fly in the San Joaquin Sierras

The signal was given, the waters flowed, the wheels moved, the dynamos began to hum, the meters began to show the development of power, and, more wonderful than the magic of the past, in a few moments, Los Angeles felt the thrill at the Sierra's heart and began to blaze and burn and throb with the transmitted energy. The miraculous was accomplished, and at once took its place as another step in the upward climb of man to the stars.

Now entered another element upon the scene. The newly-created Lake had given an added delight, charm and beauty to the solemn and inspiring majesty of gigantic and snow-clad mountain peaks, the dignity of heaven-aspiring trees, and the dainty beauty of shrubs and flowers. Why not make it possible for the business-weary men and women of the cities of the plains to come hitherward and enjoy all that Nature could here confer upon them. With these men to decide is to accomplish, and in due time Huntington Lake Lodge, a beautiful, artistic, appropriate and commodious modern hotel sprang into being under the pines, immediately overlooking the Lake. It was opened July 4, 1915, and during its first summer and fall season many guests came to enjoy its delightful hospitality. But when winter came—stern winter, with its frost and snow, its storms and cold, the peoples of the valley fled to their homes. For awhile it seemed that this hospitable Lodge would be deserted during the winter months. Then people began to take fresh counsel. Elsewhere in the world men and women, young men and maidens found health, enjoyment, delight, vigor and new life in the snow. Why not here? These valleys were valleys of almost perpetual summer. Here, close at hand, beneficient Nature invited to the joys and blessings of winter. She said: "Come to my snow-clad mountains, my snow-laden trees, my snow-covered slopes. Come to my winter play-ground. Come and be children again, as you snow-ball each other, slide down my

mountain sides, skate over my lakes, walk in your snow-shoes and glide on your skis over my mountain snow-fields. Come, and I will renew your youth and send you back to your valley occupations like giants refreshed with new wine."

The pages that follow record the story of the first party to accept this invitation. It was one of the perfect parties that show how happy man can be with his brother when he desires to be. It was a joyous and glorious contrast to the awful hell of fierce war raging on the other side of the earth, for while German and English, Austrian and French, Pole and Slav were to be found in the party, there were no other notes heard than those of kindness, of helpfulness, of brotherliness, of love. Hence it has been a joy to place on record the story of those doings in which I was privileged to share.

Cascada, February 22, 1916.

CHAPTER I

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SAN JOAQUIN

MOUNTAINS vary as much as men. Some are easy to reach, easily conquered, easily understood, because they have easy approach, no steep ascents to climb, no fearfully precipitous gorges to cross, no raging torrents to ford, no boulder-strewn passages to assay, no snow-clad slopes to overcome, no dense undergrowth to cut through. Others possess one or all of the qualities or difficulties enumerated, with additional obstacles of their own, which make their ascent achievements of which men justifiably are proud. It is one of the glories of this century that men have been more daring and successful than ever in scaling mountain summits. Mountain climbers have ascended practically all the hitherto unknown peaks, and a woman, Miss Annie Peck, has added her achievement as one of the greatest of them all.

The California Sierra Nevadas are not as high and imposing as the Andes or the Himalayas, but they are as distinctive, varied, wonderful, and interesting. From Mt. Shasta in the north, to Mt. Whitney in the south, they set forth variances that, to those familiar with them, make them seem as though the different areas could not belong to the same range. There is as much difference between the Tahoe region, with its innumerable glacial lakes, and the Shasta region, with its fierce lava-flows, as there is between the Mt. Whitney region, or the Mono region, and that of the San Joaquin. Kern and Kings Rivers Canyons are wild, rugged gorges,

but they are of an entirely different character from the Yosemite or the Hetch-Hetchy. While there are characteristics in our Sierras that are similar throughout, these differentiations are what make each region so attractive in its individual personality.

Then, too, the motives that lead men to a conquering of mountain areas are as varied as are the mountains themselves. Wherever timber is of reasonably easy access that in itself is a lure, as is shown in the rapid denudation of the forests around Lake Tahoe, for the supplying of the timber-needs of the Virginia City and other mines, in Nevada; in the vast lumbering interests now going on around Mt. Shasta and elsewhere in the Sierras. On the other hand, it was its purely scenic features that were the chief and first inducements to the opening up of roads into the Yosemite Valley. The trapping of fur-bearing animals; mining; hunting; sheep-herding; cattle-raising; the impounding of mountain-streams for irrigation purposes—these have taken men in greater or lesser numbers into the mountains. But it is only recently, since the modern developments of electricity, that water, for the generation of electric power, has been the lure to lead men to study every mountain gorge, every valley, every detail of watershed, and to seek out the most favorable locations for the establishment of dams, reservoirs, and power-houses.

It is to this latter feature that we owe the opening up of the Sierras in the region of the San Joaquin River, as the next chapter will show.

The railway—first the Southern Pacific from Fresno, in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, to El Prado, and then the San Joaquin and Eastern, curving and climbing fifty-six miles to Cascada—deposits you in the very heart of the range. For miles one rides in sight of the San Joaquin River, with its wide basin-like slopes. In one magnificent

stretch it is shut in by the granite walls of its Grand Canyon. Sublimity and grandeur, with picturesqueness and wide expanse, greet the eye on every hand, but, from the first glimpse, until one is close at hand to them, the towering and snow-covered peaks of the High Sierras attract the attention. When one reaches the end of the railway at Cascada he looks back over the winding way he has come and then turns to view the great power-house, from which comes the hum and whir of the giant water-wheels and motors; sees the incline cable railway rising two thousand feet in direct ascent to six thousand feet of length, and up which all the material for the construction of the concrete dams was raised; and then the great steel pipe—penstock they call it—down which the water flows from the lake above to make the water-wheels and motors hum.

Towering over all, and dominating the scene, is a majestic mass of granite, some eighteen hundred feet high, its crown smoothed and shaped by the overflowing glaciers of a long-past age, reminding one somewhat of the glacier-polished towers of the Yosemite. This is named the Kerckhoff Dome, after one of the associates of Mr. Huntington, in Los Angeles.

The final touch is given by the little settlement of Cascada, where the various employees of the power plant have their homes, with accompanying store, hotel, stables, school, etc. This is also a well-known and popular starting-point for the summer tramper in the mountains, hundreds of people coming up from the valley to share its hospitality.

But we are desirous of reaching Huntington Lake and the commodious Lodge that stands upon its shore two thousand feet above, so, taking stage, automobile, or Sierra-plane—according to the season—we speedily find ourselves winding along over the four miles of well-engineered road that finally brings us to the place of our heart's desire. Here,

we wake up to a full realization of the glories of the High Sierras.

At our feet lies the sparkling clear water of Huntington Lake, made by damming the gorge down which the mountain stream used to dash in unrestrained exuberance. Nearly five miles long and from a half to a full mile wide, it is one of the crystal gems of the Sierras. Towering above it, to the northeast, is the long, winding, jagged ridge of Kaiser Crest, varying in height from 9,000 to 10,300 feet, where snow generally may be found a large part of the year. What a glorious galaxy of majestic peaks surrounds us. Shut-eye (8,358 feet), and Little Shut-eye (8,353 feet), peaks that recall Indian legends, are to the northwest, while Red Mountain, Bear Butte, Chinese Peak, Tamarack Mountain, are all close at hand.

Climb a little, to where, on Kaiser Crest, a clear outlook is obtained in every direction, and then peak after peak comes into view. Yonder to the northeast are Pincushion Peak (9,817 feet), Sharktooth Peak (11,630 feet), and Double Peak (10,637 feet), all huddled together, with Graveyard Peak (11,584 feet), hustling them a trifle to the southeast, and the ridge of the Silver Divide, with its chief Silver Peak (11,497 feet), leading the eye on to the mountains of the Big Four—the men of power and genius, of indomitable will and energy, who constructed the Central Pacific Railway over the Sierras—Mt. Huntington (12,393 feet), Mt. Crocker (12,448 feet), Mt. Stanford (12,826 feet), and Mt. Hopkins (12,300 feet). Almost hiding Mts. Crocker and Stanford is the Red and White Mountain (12,646 feet), while beyond, just on the borders of Mono and Inyo Counties, is an unnamed peak towering 11,888 feet into the Sierran blue, and still another, nearly as high (11,752 feet) a little to the north.

Ranging southward, there come in succession Vol-

canic Knob (11,153 feet), Mt. Mills (13,352 feet), Mt. Morgan (13,739 feet), Mt. Abbott (13,736 feet), Mt. Dade (13,635 feet), Mt. Gabb (13,701 feet), Mt. Hilgard (13,351 feet), and Bear Creek Spine (13,702 feet), each one a monarch in its own power and dominating personality. Yet even this sublime group does not close the list, for nearer to us, a little southward, are Mt. Hooper (12,322 feet), the Seven Gables, flanked by the Four Gables, the latter nearly 13,000 feet in height; Mt. Senger (12,253 feet), Turret Peak (12,060 feet), behind which is the striking north and south ridge of The Pinnacles (12,264 feet), while beyond them are Pilot Knob (12,237 feet), Mt. Humphreys (13,972 feet) and Mt. Emerson (13,226 feet), with Pavilion Dome (11,365 feet), well towards the south. Here the Glacier Divide demands attention, and just below, one after another, the trained eye descerns Mt. Lamarck (13,202 feet), Mt. Wallace (13,701 feet), Emerald Peak (12,517 feet), The Hermit (12,341 feet), Mt. Darwin (12,782 feet), Mt. Spencer (12,428 feet), Mt. Haeckel (over 12,000 feet), Mt. McGee (12,966 feet), Mt. Huxley (13,124 feet), Mt. Fiske, Mt. Powell and Mt. Thompson, all well up to the 13,000 feet mark. Even these do not complete the roster, for a little further to the south are Mt. Goddard (13,553 feet), Mt. Goode (13,312 feet), Langille Peak (11,981 feet), Blackcap Mt. (11,559 feet), Mt. Reinstein (12,595 feet), Scylla (12,943 feet), and Charybdis (12,935 feet), Peaks, with Finger Peak (12,401 feet), Blue Canyon Peak (11,956 feet), Mt. Woodworth (12,214 feet), and Devil's Crag (12,612 feet), clustered together, still further to the south and east.

As one sees these snow-clad summits and the clouds trailing out in delicate loveliness, as banners of white light, from their stern solidity, or wreathing them in half-hiding, half-revealing veiling, he

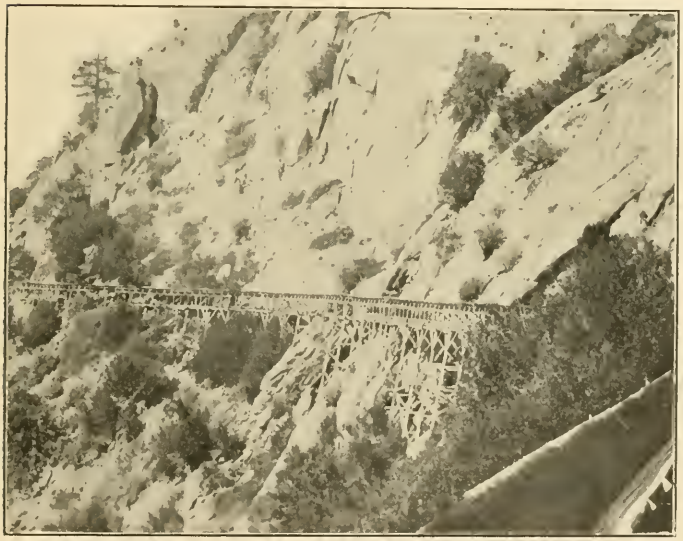
can understand how they became to Joaquin Miller the monuments of the California pioneers:

> Worn victors, few and true, such clouds
> As track God's trailing garment's hem
> Where Shasta keeps shall be your shrouds,
> And ye shall pass the stars in them.
> Your tombs shall be while Time endures,
> Such hearts as only Truth secures;
> Your everlasting monuments
> Sierra's snow-topt battle tents.

And, to me, it is a soul-filling joy that man did not erect these monuments. They are the work of God, of Nature, of the great Creative Force, whose manifestations of power ever keep man's mentality engaged. It was appropriate that these sublime peaks—rather than any man made monuments—should be made to bear the names of those industrious mental geniuses whose gigantic intellects were devoted to a life-study of the handiworks of God, seeking to explain them to their less-endowed brothers. It was well that Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer, Fiske, Powell and the rest should be recalled in this western land of striving for material things, in order that their glorious example should not be forgotten.

Then, too, who that has a soaring spirit, an adventurous soul, with strong physical body to match, does not feel the stirring to climb such alluring summits? Who would not rival the eagle and stand on the highest peaks, looking off into space, obtaining expansive views that the mediocre spirits of less ambitious bodies may never see? How one's heart thrills in reading Clarence King's "Ascent of Mt. Tyndall," in his *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada,* or John Muir's perilous climb up Mt. Ritter, given in his *Mountains of California.* And how one responds to the manliness these mountain heights seem to bring out. King tells, in his "Descent of Mt. Tyndall," of a place where he and his com-

"On the Trail," Going on a Camping-Out Trip near Huntington Lake



Lumber Flume, Rounding the Cliffs of the San Joaquin Sierras

A Successful Hunter in the San Joaquin Sierras

"An Exciting Moment." Fishing in the San Joaquin Sierras

panion, Cotter, came to an upward climb of forty feet of smooth granite "which lay between us and safety." Let me quote briefly:

As we tied ourselves together, I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of the several crevices riven into the rock a few inches in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. About two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and, with great care, descended to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle, and to what probable depth, I should be projected into the ice-water. Indeed, the idea of such a sudden bath was so annoying that I lifted my eyes toward my companion. He reached my farthest point without great difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly with his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right cheerfully repeated, "All right." It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometer, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me, in an easy, confident tone, "Don't be afraid to bear your weight." I made up my mind, however, to make that climb without his aid, and husbanded my strength as I climbed from crack to crack. I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also. I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake far below affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip,

and climbed slowly along the crack until I reached the angle and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done. As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that, instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied around his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on seeing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest.

In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement, to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will, but to coolly seat one's self in the door of death, and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend, —for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself,—requires as sublime a type of courage as I know.

There! Who can read that and not have his own heart nerved to a higher key of heroism? These soaring peaks constantly remind me of this and similar daring acts, and call me to deeds of which before I should have been incapable.

And these are the environment of Huntington Lake Lodge. Is man not fortunate that such a sublime playground has been made easily and readily accessible to him? Even though he has no desire to scale these peerless summits, they must have a potent and deep influence over him; no one can remain long in their noble presence unmoved and uninfluenced. Therefore they are true uplifters of humanity, pointers out of the higher way.

From the slopes of mountains like these the San Joaquin River has its origin. Glaciers, and beds of ice and snow, loading the shoulders and flanks of granite peaks, pour their melting waters through a

thousand lesser channels, until the river is born. The San Joaquin has three distinct forks, known as the West, Middle and South forks, the latter being the longest and the most important. One of these, together with the headwaters of Owen's River, and important affluents of the Merced and Tuolumne, all have their rise within a few miles of Mt. Ritter, one of the giant Sierran family and from the summit of which marvellously expansive views may be obtained. These are described elsewhere, yet the visitor to Huntington Lake Lodge should never forget that this, and all the peaks I have mentioned, are within comparatively easy reach.

What a soul-stirring experience it is, after one has climbed, step by step, with or without such dangerous and thrilling excitements as that quoted from Clarence King, to stand on one of these sentinels of our Golden State, and survey the landscape o'er. The first impression of one unused to such sights is of a bewilderment of the senses caused by the unexampled grandeur, striking sublimity, and illimitable expanse before him. His mind is baffled, confused, crowded. There is too much to see, and he is too unused to such a marvellous conglomeration of sublimity and grandeur to be able to analyse and focalize. But after several such experiences, after he has learned to separate and differentiate between the peaks, to know the appearance of glaciers, and to see the sun-kissed fountains bubbling forth as if eager to form the rivers; when he can point out the upper water-courses, and even now and again discern the dashing waterfalls and cascades, and follow the streams down below the timber-line, in their tortuous and winding ways, to the far-away valley, little by little the eternal harmonies of the mountains steal into his soul. He sees their relation one to another —the barrier peaks, holding the moisture-laden clouds and demanding that they get rid of their burdens, either in gently-falling snow or pelting rain;

the great glacier beds accumulating during the centuries and holding the moisture, the wooing power of the sun, releasing the water drop by drop, in millions of millions of drops, until drops become rills, and rills rivulets, rivulets grow into creeks, creeks into brooks, brooks into streams, and streams into rivers. These we can follow, part of the way with the eye, the rest of the way in imagination, through their wide watersheds, deep, rugged and rocky canyon deeps, into the blue distance of the western valley, there to be distributed into irrigation canals, over thousands of acres, where vines, peaches, apricots, prunes, pears, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, grapefruit and a thousand and one varieties of fruit trees abound; where contented kine feed happily on lush grasses and rich alfalfa, and where contented men and women and happy children rejoice in the gifts of God in this highly favored land. Here and there, as at Huntington Lake, one sees where the water is diverted and used for awhile for other purposes, ere it is poured back again into its natural channel. On the wings of imagination he flies over the range, mile after mile, one hundred, two hundred, nearly two hundred and fifty of them, strung all the way, on skeleton steel towers, with heavy aluminum cables, and he sees the power of the waterfall, the rush of the cascade, the dash of the confined mountain torrent transformed by man's genius and skill into electric energy, moving streetcars, charging automobiles, raising and lowering elevators laden with human freight, with bricks, mortar, concrete, steel and other building material, revolving electric fans, working sewing machines, grindstones, and turning a thousand and one variety of wheels all for the benefit, the profit, or the pleasure of mankind.

Over in another direction he sees the water diverted into a lumber flume, which winds and curves, twists and squirms around the mountains'

shoulders, down, down, down, over passes, lifted on stilts over deep canyons and over level valleys, until the terminus is reached in some town by the railway. He sees the lumber, cut from the trees of the giant forests,—which he is only just now beginning to take full cognizance of,—big, square timbers suitable for bridge-building or uprights between stories; thick, heavy planks; thin broad planks; planks and studs, joists and beams of every kind, guided into the V shaped flume, and rapidly carried away on the bosom of the water. He sees it on its winding and almost silent course, until it reaches the terminus, where the pliant water, hitherto used as a carrier, now pours forth its vivifying flood for purposes of irrigation, while the lumber is hauled out of the flume, stacked up to dry, and then shipped by railway wherever it is needed to aid in furthering the march of progress.

But the fisherman sees in these mountain streams another kind of sight. His vision imagines the golden trout, the rainbow trout, the silver trout, the cut-throats and the other finny creatures of dazzling beauty, that rise to the fly of the skillful angler. He gets his rod and reel, his flies and other *dudendums,* puts on his long-hipped rubber boots and starts forth. He makes his cast—but how shall I, an ignorant tyro, dare attempt to tell what and how he does, the excitement of the strike, the skilful handling of his catch and the final landing on the bank?

And the hunter! He, too, sees visions. These peaks don't mean so much to him, as the gray-green slopes beneath; the woods, the forest, the dense chaparral. There may be a bear found, once in a while, on the heights, but his heart beats to the thought of deer. His taste runs to venison steak, broiled over a camp-fire and smothered in well-fried onions, or to stew, made to simmer until everything is as tender as scientific cooking can make it.

The tree lover sees his joy in the unequaled wealth

of trees, and the botanist in the flowers, shrubs, mosses and ferns that he is assured must abound here, while the geologist sees the mysterious operations of the world's birth slowly unfold before him, age by age, epoch by epoch, until he has reconstructed the range in imagination from its first inception in the bed of the primeval ocean, the slow deposition upon the parent rock of the disintegrated particles that have made sand-stone, lime-stone and the like, the steady and persistent uplift through the centuries, until it was no longer a submerged ridge, but a series of elevated plateaus and peaks. Then he visions the downfall of the snows of the glacial epoch. He sees these beds accumulate until they carry thousands, millions, billions of tons of the fleecy particles, welded together by the heat of the sun and their own attraction until they have formed sheets of ice thousands of feet thick, and moving with irresistible force and grinding power over these once water-smothered mountain peaks. Centuries rolled by, and the swing of the earth upon its axis drove away the glaciers, but left the records of their work, in the grinding of the domes and peaks, carving out of the gullies, ravines, gorges, canyons, valleys and lake beds, in which later, dainty, exquisite, tree-surrounded, pure-watered lakes were born.

Then came fierce periods of earthquake and lava flow. Great craters were formed on some of the highest ridges and from them poured forth floods of andesite and diorite, crowning broad and wide areas with their solid lava caps. When the storms of later centuries burst upon these mountains, many of the proudest peaks were humbled and brought low, others that had received these lava caps were able to withstand the fury of storm and decay. They refused to yield, and then saw their once high-towering brothers gradually yield to the gnawing teeth of time, until they were far below them in height,

planed and smoothed, or split and fractured out of all semblance to their original majesty.

Then came the beginning of our epoch, the age when life was possible. The king of the hell of cold had wreaked his will, with his glacier blanket, his fierce winds and hails and storms upon the region; had given way to the king of the hell of heat, who had belched forth his flaming floods to destroy it; but both had been subdued, and now the king of the world of life held the scepter.

Trees sprang up on every hand, on the soil ground from the rocks by the restless glaciers and deposited in great lateral and terminal moraines, or washed down by later floods to fill ice-polished areas of more level surface. Insect life, reptilian life, bird life, animal life began to appear, and as the sun shone upon a world so peopled and made beautiful, man was tempted to appear.

Then came California's prehistoric halcyon days, the days of aboriginal peace and plenty—full of peace because of its plenty, and all Nature seemed to smile and rejoice in gladness.

Since then there have been many changes. The Spaniard came, the Mexican, the American; the aborigine has been thrust into the background, and for good or evil, the power of the white man is in the ascendency. He it is who has built the railway to aid him in his plans; he it is who has created Huntington Lake; he it is who converts its water-power into electric-power; he it is who carries that power over the long miles to far-away Los Angeles. He is the modern miracle-worker and the mountains of the San Joaquin are become the scene of some of the greatest of them.

CHAPTER II

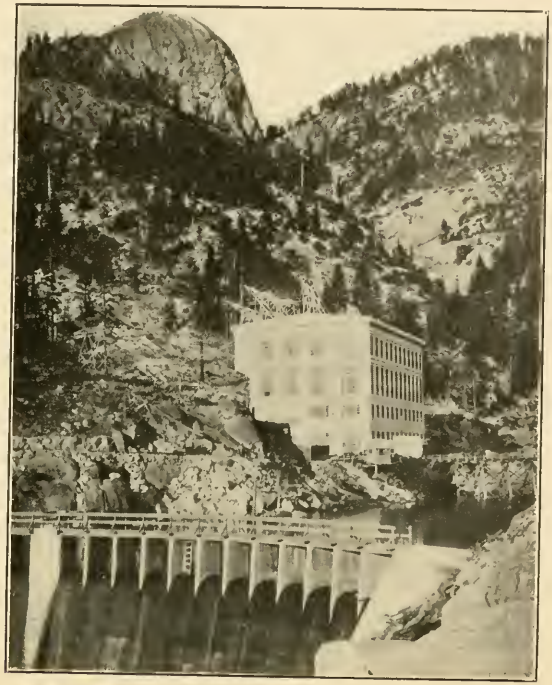
WHERE LOS ANGELES' ELECTRICITY IS MADE

FEW laymen have any conception of the terrific power of water, even in a small stream, when brought under man's control from a great height. Now and again he realizes the tremendous power of the waves of the ocean in a storm, when they beat upon some unprotected city, as at Galveston, before the sea-wall was built; he sees the devastating horror of a Johnstown flood, a cloudburst, or a tidal wave; but these are all the manifestations of wild Nature, when unrestrained and uncontrolled. Just as man has harnessed the lightning and made it obedient to his will, so has he now reduced the wild power of the water-courses to subjection. He builds dams and, so long as they stand the pressure, they keep the fluid under control. Then, in dark tubes, or through hewn tunnels, he conveys the water to where it pours over tiny wheels, which are thus made to revolve with wondrous speed, excite electric energy into life, and then send its subtle, though unseen, force hundreds of miles away over the hitherto trackless mountains.

It is to one of the latest and greatest of these electric power development plants—the Pacific Light & Power Co.—which supplies electricity to far-away Los Angeles, that we owe the present facilities for speedily reaching the heart of the mountains of the San Joaquin.

Los Angeles is one of the marvel-cities of the world for rapid growth. In less than forty years it has jumped from a population of about 12,000 to

A Morning's Catch, Fishing near Huntington Lake



The Power House, Kerckhoff Dome and Cascade Dam

In the Forest near Huntington Lake Lodge, in the San Joaquin Sierras

Leaving Huntington Lake Lodge for a Camping-Out Trip in the San Joaquin Sierras

over 500,000. Its electric car system has kept pace with the city's phenomenal bounds, and in addition, it has established the most complete and modern interurban electric system in the United States, if not in the world, sending its trains of magnificent red cars radiating in every direction, even to Redlands, Riverside and San Bernardino, sixty to seventy miles away. Besides this, its city streets and residences are electrically lighted, and thousands of electric appliances and conveniences are in operation for the benefit and comfort of its citizens. Hence it will be seen that it was, necessarily, no small task to meet the growing needs of Los Angeles for electric power. When one company after another had exhausted its resources, Mr. H. E. Huntington, who had practically acquired control of all the street railways, and was the father of the new interurban system, determined to establish power plants in the San Joaquin Sierras. Stone & Webster, of Boston, were given the contract and ordered to speed the work. With their well-known organization operations were begun and so systematically urged that in less than two years from the time the order was received, sixty-seven miles of mountain railway were built; two inclined cable railways were in operation, each rising 2000 feet in 6000 feet of length; four concrete dams were erected, thus creating Huntington Lake, nearly five miles long by half a mile to a mile wide; two power-houses and a sub-station were built and equipped; five miles of 12-foot tunnel were bored through the solid granite of the mountains; over 3000 skeleton steel towers were set over 240 miles of mountain and desert, the 50-foot-wide way for these also cleared of timber and brush for the whole length; and upon the towers were stretched five million pounds of aluminum cable. This recital is a story of modern magic. To have built the power-houses alone, in the heart of New York, where all the materials were at hand, would have been regard-

ed as a great achievement fifty years ago. But to go into the heart of a rugged range of mountains, cut roads, build a railroad, transport supplies, and erect them there, in what seemed inaccessible sites, is nothing short of the miraculous.

The San Joaquin & Eastern Railway, therefore, may truly be called an emergency railway. It was built and equipped (the main line of 56 miles) in 157 days—five months. And only those who have ridden over it can grasp the remarkable fact, for it required the blasting of millions of tons of solid granite, and it rises at a far higher gradient than any other steam-propelled railway in the state, except small portions of the Mt. Tamalpais scenic railway. After the main 56 miles were built it was found necessary to add 11 miles for pure construction purposes. The equipment called for nine locomotives and 112 cars.

The watershed that supplies Huntington Lake has its greatest elevation in Kaiser Ridge, from 9000 to nearly 11,000 feet above the sea. Its chief stream has long borne the mountaineer's name of Big Creek, which is one of the large affluents of the main stem of the San Joaquin River. At an elevation of 7000 feet it flowed into a basin (now Huntington Lake), and then spilled over, in a series of cascades and waterfalls, into a precipitous canyon, dropping four thousand feet in six miles before it joined the San Joaquin.

To make this basin a permanent reservoir required the erection of three of the concrete dams referred to. Each one is built on solid granite foundations and they are so constructed that fifty feet may be added to their height when it is needed to store more water for the development of more power.

At the lake the water is diverted from its natural channel, through screens, into an intake tower, from which it enters a 12-foot tunnel three-quarters of a mile long. Connecting with the tunnel are two steel-

pipe conduits, which come down the mountain side, under the shadow of the Kerckhoff Dome, like giant black caterpillars. These two are then divided into four, each pipe 24 inches in diameter, and having a thickness of 1 3/16 inches, made of the finest steel known. Each of these pipes is able to resist a pressure of 900 pounds to the square inch, and is tested to double that capacity. These are known as the penstocks, and as the water is ready to be delivered to the water-wheel, each tube compresses until it is but 26 inches in diameter, with a nozzle of 6¾ inches in diameter, through which the water dashes at the velocity of 350 feet per second.

Few can realize the force with which the water, with this 2000 feet of head, compressed through these small nozzles, rushes forth. During the construction period, before the wheels were in position, each time the stream was turned on it cut down the opposite mountain side as though it were powdered sugar. The water-wheels are of the Pelton-Doble (San Francisco) type, though they were made by the Allis-Chalmers Co. Each wheel consists of nineteen double-scoop buckets, attached to a nickel-steel disk, 97 inches in diameter. Each bucket is made of the finest cast steel and weighs 225 pounds; the bucket-weight of the nineteen, therefore, being 4275 pounds. But this is as nothing compared to the resistant power of the revolving shaft upon which these buckets are affixed. The pressure approximates *three hundred tons,* such is the fearful power generated by the upright column of water flowing from Huntington Lake.

When the water is turned on, the jets dash across an open space of a few inches and then strike the buckets. There is no shock, however, at this impact, as the part of the bucket first touched is nearly parallel to the jet. The wheel is forced around, the next bucket appears, and the next, and so on, in endless round. In its short course over the surface of

the buckets the water is brought almost to rest, and, without pressure and velocity, falls inert from the wheel into the tail-race. It is in the bringing of the water to rest and allowing it to drop from the buckets that the genius of the inventors has been displayed. Were the water to revolve with the buckets they would soon become choked, as it were, and thus materially retard the speed. As it is, the experts tell us that fully 85 per cent of the potential energy is actually developed and delivered to the electric excitors, or dynamos, with which the bucket-shaft is linked.

When run at full speed the shaft revolves 375 times per minute, over sixty times a second, and if a brake were not applied it would continue to revolve for two hours after the power was shut off, such is the perfection of the mechanism.

The two excitors are the nerve centers of the whole plant. Each is 18 feet in diameter and 8 feet wide, and the pair develop practically 24,000 horse-power. As a tyro stands and watches the great dynamos revolve, and realizes that here water energy is being transformed into the subtler electrical energy to the extent of 17,500 kilowatts each, it almost staggers his imagination to be told by the expert that the mechanism is so delicate, so finely balanced, that the governor reveals to the trained eye the stopping and starting of every electric car on the streets of Los Angeles, 240 miles away! It is evident, then, that the control of the pressure of the water must be adequately provided for. Each wheel unit has two governors, so that the maximum efficiency can be obtained from the unit by using one or both runners, according to the demand of the load. The size of the water jet is regulated by a needle valve controlled by the governor, and excessive changes in the pipeline pressures are prevented by by-pass openings back of the nozzles, also controlled by the governor.

The power is generated at 6600 volts, which is then passed into three transformers and raised to

150,000 volts. Each of these transformers stands eighteen feet high and is filled with 10,000 gallons of oil of a cooling and insulating quality, so as to destroy the tremendous heat generated in the transforming process. Each tank weighs 90 tons, and the oil is tested once a month to discover whether its resistant properties are impaired, and also to find out whether any moisture has crept in. If it is found below standard, or moist, it is taken out and thoroughly filtered.

The power is now under the control of the switchman, and he sends a continuous flow of 150,000 volts over the aluminum transmission lines direct to Los Angeles, where, at the Eagle Rock sub-station step-down transformers, condensers, compensators and other controlling apparatus are installed. Received at 150,000 volts, it is delivered over the city lines at 72,000 and 18,000 volts. This is the longest line in existence and operates at the highest voltage ever used commercially, hence to the practical electrician is one of the most interesting plants in the world. The twin steel towers are erected on a right-of-way 150 feet wide, cut as straight as the crow flies from the power-houses over mountains, valleys, desert and plain, and they carry six cables an inch in diameter. Without halt the subtle fluid leaps from the San Joaquin mountains to Los Angeles, and so perfect was the planning that during the severe storms of 1914 and 1916 the system stood the test without a break, giving continuous service, day and night, ever since its installation.

Yet the story only begins here. When the water from Huntington Lake races down the penstock, operates the water-wheel, generates the electric power, drops inert into the tail-race, it has done only the first portion of its expected service. It now flows into the Cascada reservoir, created by the erection of Dam No. 4, 72 feet high and with a capacity sufficient to operate Power Plant No. 2, four miles fur-

ther down, for four hours. The respective elevations are 4820 feet at Cascada and 2953 feet at plant No. 2. About 10 per cent added water flows into the reservoir from Pitman and Snowslide creeks and other smaller streams, and then, flowing through a tunnel 12 feet in diameter, cut out of the solid granite of the mountain, 21,000 feet long, it flows to generate about the same amount of power at plant No. 2 as is produced at Cascada. Thus this one stream of water, twice used, generates about 170,000 horse-power.

Such, however, is the growing demand for electric power, that the completed plans of this system contemplate the erection of two more generating stations. No. 3 will be located near where Stevenson Creek drops into the San Joaquin, and about four miles beyond No. 2, reached through a granite tunnel. Its water supply will be augmented by the full flow of the San Joaquin river, brought through a tunnel twelve miles long, and the drop will be 1400 feet. Then a fourth plant will be erected further down, with, possibly, an equal capacity, so that when the entire system is installed it is not unreasonable to suppose that fully 350,000 horse-power will be developed ready for transmission to Los Angeles or elsewhere, as may be required.

The expenditures already made to date exceed the sum of twenty-five million dollars, and the rude estimates of the completed system, as outlined above, call for near eighty millions. Thus do men today play the game of life with millions, where a score of years ago they deemed they were doing large things with hundreds of thousands.

The system was designed as the result of combining the ideas of several engineers, notably the heads of the Pacific Light & Power Co., Messrs. H. A. Barre and Davis. The superintendent of the Big Creek power-houses is R. B. Lawton, to whose kindness I am indebted for the facts of this chapter.

CHAPTER III

FROM FRESNO TO HUNTINGTON LAKE LODGE

FOR the first eighteen miles the ride is on the Friant Branch of the Southern Pacific. In February, 1916, when the Snow Carnival was held, there had been a brief early hot spell in the San Joaquin Valley, a kind of Indian summer, where the temperature rose as high as 80 degrees. Then came days of fog, which flowed in during the night and did not lift until early afternoon, thus covering the whole valley with its cooling, though somewhat dreary, blanket. This fog followed us all the way from Fresno to El Prado, where change was made to the cars of the San Joaquin & Eastern Railway. This latter is the railway of 56 miles, constructed and equipped in 157 days, to further the establishment of the hydro-electric power-plants described in the preceding chapter.

From this point we began the ascent of the foothills, dotted with live oaks, sycamores and cottonwoods, many of the former heavy with bunches of parasitic mistletoe. Soon the table-land region was reached, reminding one forcefully of the volcanic country so graphically described by Bret Harte in his *Twins of Table Mountain.* This is a vast stony level, upheaved far above the surrounding country—the valleys traversed by our train—and capped by a thick flow of solidified lava, which has prevented the wear and tear of the storms of the ages from cutting it down to the lower levels. The country having been fairly level when the lava outpour occurred, it now stands, parapetted and formidable, like a gigantic and time-worn level-topped castle built in

heroic days to house all the giant creatures of the world. Although in actual altitude these tables of rock are far beneath the white peaks of snow of the higher Sierras, their peculiar configuration seems to lift them up to the passionless region of the stars and make them much higher than they really are.

The intervening valleys are fairly fertile and the foothills attractive with the wealth of blossoms springing up in the moist mould under the influence of the sunshine, for the fog is now behind and below us, and the pure blue of the Sierran sky is shot through with the brilliant rays of the sun. For twenty-six miles we meander along until Auberry is reached, at an elevation of 2050 feet.

Here we change engines, for from now on we must climb up steeper grades, making more curves and twists than are found in any other railway in the world. In some places, too, the grade is as high as 5½ per cent. The ordinary engine is not suitable for this kind of railroading, so the Shay engines, similar to those used to overcome the grades of Mt. Tamalpais, are used. These are different from the ordinary rod-and-piston-driven engines, in that the power is applied by cogs to each of the six wheels of the engine, hence, though they travel much slower, they can overcome grades, hauling heavy loads impossible to the ordinary type of engine.

From now on there were no straight stretches. We were on the curve practically every moment, winding in and out of the rudely scalloped segments of the mountain's shoulders. In and around, but ever up and up, we climbed, until a full view of the valley of the San Joaquin was presented. Its expansiveness and gentle upslope are its chief characteristics. It has none of the wild and picturesque, turbulent and chaotic ruggedness of the eastern slopes of the Sierras. Here the glaciers have ploughed their way down and over an easy slope, leaving their mud and debris deposits all the way down, to form fertile soil

Fresno Commercial Club Boosters on Their Way to Huntington Lake Lodge in the High Sierras of the San Joaquin

Wintertime at the Pacific Light and Power Corporation Plant No. 1,

In the Sierra Planes on the Way from Cascada to Huntington Lake Lodge

upon which giant pines, firs, tamaracks and spruces now abound.

At Indian Mission we were greeted by Mono Indian men, women and children, about 300 of them residing here upon a small reserve, with a government school and a mission chapel. Most of the elderly women are excellent basket-weavers, some of their work being of the finest character in shape, weave, color and striking design.

On and up we curved, in greater or lesser scallops, until we reached the beautifully level Jose Basin, at Webstone. This is one of the small, fertile valleys of the Sierras, where grain, alfalfa and fruit grow in abundance, and of rare quality. In the springtime the whole area blossoms out into a million exquisite Sierran wild flowers. It is the beginning of a botanist's paradise, leading on into higher and richer fields beyond.

Out again on the open mountain sides the train carried us until we were almost directly over the Grand Canyon of the San Joaquin. Here the river is narrowed into a wild and rugged gorge of majestic grandeur. Though it is 3200 feet below us, we can hear, when our engine comes to rest for a few minutes at some watering tank, the sullen roar of its flow, as it rages at being so confined between these gigantic cliffs. For miles we have followed its more open course, a mere ribbon of delicate jade, laid out in the trough of an irregular shaped basin, the slopes all leading the eye down to this meandering band of color. Here and there white fringes line its edges, or daggers of white shoot parallel with its course. These are rapids, or cascades, over which the water madly, ragingly, or sullenly roars.

For some time the glorious snow-capped peaks of the Sierras had been in view, and their grandeur and glory grew as we came nearer to them. The crests of the ridges on our right were covered with pines, swelling onward and upward in long mounting bil-

lows, until they broke upon the pure blue of the sky. Still higher, slopes and crests alike were covered with pines and firs of great girth and height. We had reached one of the timber treasures of the Sierra National Forest, where nearly two billion feet of lumber were recently sold. What wreckage and destruction will take place here when the lumber camps are established and modern machinery and methods are set in motion to fell these arboreal monarchs of the Sierras, ignominiously drag them to the sawmills and there rip them into merchantable lumber!

At Dawn, 4562 feet of elevation, we enjoyed an even more extended panorama than any that before had been afforded us. The eye here sweeps over an expanse of upwards of three hundred miles. Towards the east the snowy Sierras stand in towering glory over the vast forest stretches and the half-clothed wilderness of the San Joaquin watershed, while in the far-away western horizon are to be seen the deep purple of the Coast range, beyond which lies the Sun Down Sea of Balboa.

On the extreme right of the panorama, looking eastward, lies the Canyon of Big Creek, down which waterfalls, cascades and rapids come dashing from the basins above. Their foaming whiteness even now attracts the eye. Here the end of the railway is reached at Cascada, where the first of the giant power stations is erected, and the monster dynamos create their wondrous flow of electricity. Locating the spot, and the dominant feature of the amphitheater, is the granite mass of Kerckhoff Dome, towering 1800 feet above the settlement, and leading the gaze to the level stretch above, in which, under the snowy crags of Kaiser Crest, Huntington Lake securely nestles in blue serenity.

Three miles beyond Dawn, West Portal was reached. Here is the present western terminus of the power system; the end of the four-mile water tunnel. Below us was Power House No. 2, and as we jour-

neyed we caught glimpses of the great cable incline, and the steel tubes of the giant penstock which conveys the water to the power-wheels.

Another five miles brought us to Cascada, whose glorious waterfalls and cascades suggested the name it now bears. At Stevenson Creek, two miles west of Dawn, where we stopped for dinner, our ears and eyes were charmed by the waterfalls, cascades, pools and rapids of that dashing torrent, but now all the rapture of Pitman Creek is ours. What music Nature produces, and how soul-stirring it is when one grows to understand it! Like the masterly compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Wagner, one must learn to comprehend them; and then, ah, then, they sing of far-away western seas, of wooing sunshine, of ravishing, intoxicating rushes into the upper air in the form of sea-mist, of wild storms blowing the mist-clouds from western seas over fertile California landscapes to the forbidding barriers of Sierra's highest crests. Then they sing of fierce storms, of dire cold, of icy blasts of winter, of the deluge of snow brought upon these towering peaks; of its melting and massing until glacial beds were formed. Then, again, the song changes to one of joy at sunshine and freedom. The sun's rays release the imprisoned seadrops; they are free again; they flow in underground channels until they emerge into the open, and then they sing separately and melodiously, and jointly and harmoniously of their new-found freedom. Merrily they dash along, murmuring and babbling between the trees in their quieter flow, trumpeting, blaring, cymballing and drumming when they dash from ledge to ledge, or tootling, tinkling and piping as they rush to and fro among the boulders.

While one's intellect is enthralled at the material and scientific marvels of the great power-house, let him not forget the natural and simple delights afforded eye and ear at Pitman Creek.

Behind the power-house the cable incline ascends to the level of Kerckhoff Dome, where the upper railroad hauls supplies to the Lodge. The penstocks are also located here. But passengers are not carried on the incline; so, leaving the train, we take the stage or automobile in summer-time, or Sierra-planes in winter, and within an hour or so find ourselves in the hospitable shelter of Huntington Lake Lodge, where our real mountain pleasures are to begin.

CHAPTER IV

HUNTINGTON LAKE LODGE IN SUMMER

FROM the terminus of the San Joaquin & Eastern Railway at Cascada it is four miles, or thereabout, to the Lodge. The road is well engineered for stages and automobiles, but the strong and athletic mountain-lover will ride horseback or walk. In the former case he will soon sing, with Edwin Markham:

> I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
> I have found my life and am satisfied.
> . . . . . .
> I am lifted elate — the skies expand:
> . . . . . .
> I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

The road leads through an almost virgin forest, where flowers of a thousand varieties charm the eye, and mosses, ferns and liverworts lead the rider to dismount and gaze upon scenes of fairy-like beauty. Springs, cascades and waterfalls give rare life and touches of nature-glory to the scene, as well as insuring needful moisture to the flowers during the long summer months. Pines, spruces, cedars, with occasional quaking aspens, cottonwoods, sycamores, madronas, and manzanita make a rich forest. Now and again richest vistas are afforded of long aisles of glorious trees, terminating in the vault of the blue horizon, or in the purple depths of the profound valleys to the west.

Suddenly, through the trees, Huntington Lake appears. Though a made lake, it occupies the site of an original Sierran lake, destroyed, mayhap, by earth-

quake shock ages ago, or its outlets carved away by long-forgotten glacial action. The three dams recently erected have restored the barriers and now the lake, four to five miles long and from a half to a mile wide, is another permanent asset of beauty to this region crowded with proofs that the Divine Creator is a lover of beauty. Rising from its very margin, towering trees point heavenward, rising in billowy waves to the shoulders of the highest peaks, where the timber-line ends and barren rock or snowy crowns begin. In the first chapter I have given a cursory survey of the extended mountain views obtainable from any one of a score salient points around the lake.

To provide for the creature comforts of the exacting modern mountain traveler, Huntington Lake Lodge has been erected, about 500 feet away from the shore of the lake. It is a mountain structure, Swiss in style, redolent of pine and fir, spruce and tamarack, with an inviting hall in which a triumph of stone-chimney construction has been achieved. There is not a more delightful, cozy and comfortable lounging room in America than is this hall, winter or summer, when a genial crowd is gathered together within its hospitable walls.

Even on summer nights an open fire is often grateful and comforting, and in the winter its joyous warmth is indispensable; but in every room an electric heater is provided, which, on the mere twisting of a button, throws out its gratifying heat. With the purest air of earth to breathe, the purest water of God's own mountain distillation to drink, with ten thousand balsamic odors and scents lading the air and bringing delicious comfort to city-choked lungs, what wonder that new and beautiful color floods the cheeks, new springiness enters the walk, clearness the brain, freedom the lungs, oxygen the blood, and the whole being becomes radiant with new life, vim, vigor and energy?

To the hunter the whole region is one of allurement. Small and large game of all varieties abound. From the Lodge a score, two score, of trips may be made, some nearby and easy, others farther away and arduous, to the wilds of the higher and more remote parts of the mountains. Here, during the season, it is seldom that bear and deer may not be found. Foxes, lynxes and wildcats also abound, though, of course, the season for these is the winter, when their fur is at its best.

But it is particularly to the fisherman, the angler for mountain trout and other gamey fish, that the region makes its great appeal. Experts assert that it is the most highly favored fishing locality in the American world. This is but natural, on account of the continuous flow of ice-cold water from the thousands of springs, snowbanks and glaciers of the multitudinous peaks, whose snowy crowns and icy shoulder-capes are never melted. Brooks, streams, rivers and lakes abound in rainbow, black-spotted, Loch Levin, Eastern, and golden trout, together with black bass. Scores of glacial lakes are within easy reach of the Lodge, and the camper-out may take his outfit, travel to a fresh angling spot daily, and thus enjoy a full month of healthful delight, as well as revelry in his chosen sport. For, since the enlarged policy of the Department of the Interior, in relation to our national parks and forests, came into effect, miles and miles of trail have been built in the Sierra National Forest, giving to any ordinarily healthful person easy access to every lake, stream, creek and river in the region.

And to those who are "run down," overworked, weary of the endless round of modern business life, of society with its wearisome monotony and soul-harrowing frivolities, what could be more beneficial than to recuperate amid these glorious, majestic and inspiring scenes? Here one soon gains serenity, poise, strength and power.

CHAPTER V

HUNTINGTON LAKE LODGE IN WINTER

WINTER at the Lodge begins "several miles before you get there." On the occasion of the Commercial Club's excrusion snow was reached at Dawn. For a while the train was stopped in order that the party might disembark and indulge in a snow frolic. Many had never been in the snow before, hence it was a new and unique experience.

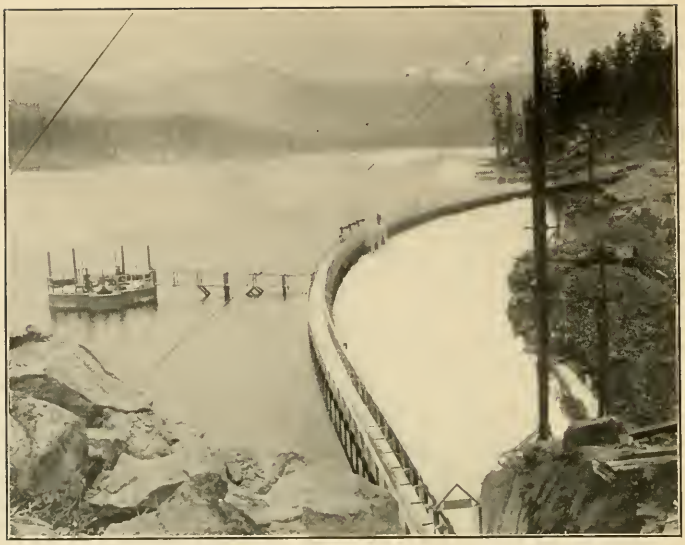
At Cascada stages were taken for a mile or so, and then change was made to the snow-boats, or Sierra planes, recently invented for the transportation of this party. It was found that the snow was too soft and deep to allow the running of an ordinary sleigh. The runners sank in, and even eight horses could not pull the sleigh along. It was left, therefore, to the inventive genius of Leonard L. Ellis—popularly known as "Len"—to devise some means of getting this party to the Lodge. After several experiments he found that a strongly constructed sled, shaped similarly to a rowboat, the bottom (on the outside) covered with heavy zinc, and dragged by four, five or six horses, driven tandem, would answer the purpose. They were found to work admirably, though the horses and mules, if they left the beaten path, sank and floundered in the deep snow.

Through the deep drifts, which were sometimes as deep as ten, fifteen, or even twenty feet, a tow-path was maintained open to the summit, and over this the party was taken in the Sierra planes, each plane accommodating eight persons.

It must not be forgotten that the party came up on three successive days, some on Friday, others Sat-

Transpozation by Sierra Plane, Cascada to Huntington Lake Lodge, Fresno County High Sierras

Tobogganing at Huntington Lake, Eighty Miles per Hour



One of the Dams at Huntington Lake, San Joaquin Sierras

Holding the Fort Against All Comers, First Annual Ice and Snow Carnival, Huntington Lake

urday, while the last arrivals were on Sunday. Each day, on reaching the summit in the Sierra planes, a terrific snow battle was imperative ere progress was allowed. A snow fortress was built, manned the first day by Mr. Munger and the winter residents of the Lodge and its environs. The invaders fought manfully, showing great aptitude in making and throwing snowballs, considering the fact that so few of them had ever done the like before.

The second day Hayden Jones, the new commandant of Huntington Fort, determined to ambush the newly arriving party, led by Messrs. George Waterman and G. Gaylord Watson. As their planes came merrily along they were suddenly attacked. Showers of snowballs fell upon them as rapidly, if not as fiercely, as German shells were rained upon Verdun. Entirely surprised, they became ready victims to the fort defenders, who, rushing upon them, overturned the planes and took everyone prisoner. But though captured, the new contingent had resourceful leaders. Rallying their mental powers from the suddenness of the shock, they signaled to their followers, who, falling upon their captors, effected their escape, keeping up the while the most galling and destructive fire. Noses were hit, eyes bunged up, ears filled, necks loaded with the fleecy snow, and though the Hayden Jones forces fought with the desperation of despair, they were overcome by mere strength, as well as strategy, their fortress largely demolished, and their valiant soldiers placed *hors du combat, hors d'œuvre, hoi-polloi,* or *Erin go bragh*—mainly Erin go bragh, which, being interpreted, means, put in the soup.

Words utterly fail to describe the dire conflict of the following day. The two parties of the preceding days had patched up a truce and united forces against the hapless third-day group, who were subjected to such a rain, hail and storm of fire when they arrived as to make them feel as did the congre-

gation of the negro preacher, when he emphatically announced: "Bredderen, dere am but two roads—one to hell, and de odder to perdition." They immediately did as one of the preacher's auditors did, *viz.*, took to de woods until the defenders were lulled into a sense of false security. Then, swooping down upon them, with valor in every heart and prowess in every arm, they made a clean sweep of outposts, fortress and defenders.

These were the real beginnings of the frolics. Everyone had to take his, her, baptism of snow. For snow was everywhere. The Lake was buried deep in ten, twenty feet of snow. Everywhere was snow. As far as the eye could reach, to the summit of Kaiser's Peak, and beyond, for fifty and more miles, looking northward and east, filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of canyons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridges into the likenesses of monstrous graves, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches; rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of the lake, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon—so would Bret Harte have described the scene, quoting from his *Gabriel Conroy*. Snow actually covered some of the lesser houses of the settlement, and rose to the very eaves, and higher, of the great warehouses and stables. The Lodge was buried up to and above the second-story windows, and tunnels were dug to allow ingress and egress. The cottages were buried like dog kennels, and could be entered only through canyons tunneled in the snow.

This was the scene and these the conditions that met the Fresno Commercial Club at Huntington Lake on the occasion of the First Winter Carnival and Sports.

CHAPTER VI

THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT HUNTINGTON LAKE

PILOTED through the snow tunnels or runways, the varnivalists reached the foyer of the Lodge. Here blazing fires welcomed them, and their eyes were delighted with the fir and spruce adornments of the walls, beams and open ceiling of the hall. The odors of the mountains were chambered in the rooms, and thus the very spirit of the High Sierras began immediately to flow into them.

Barely did they give themselves time to wash and dress before they responded to the dinner call. There were no laggards at any meal during the stay of the party. Mountain air, in winter especially, is provocative of excellently sharp appetites, and none called for high-balls, cock-tails, or the other "appetizers" deemed so necessary to stimulate the jaded palates of overfed city-dwellers in their regular habitats.

No sooner was the meal ended than the fun began. The first order was to listen to the reading of the rules, which had been framed expressly to meet the requirements of this party. Some of these rules were as follows:

This is a family party and it is expected that all will radiate good cheer, kindly feeling, friendliness and jollity. Wives are expected to speak to every husband except their own, and no husband is allowed to dance with his own wife.

The management hereby gives notice that it positively refuses to be responsible for diamond-set garters, diamond-set nose rings and other precious stones of greater value than Two Million Dollars per guest.

As none of our guests are less than multi-millionaires we request that all use as good grammar as possible.

All complaints must be made in person to the management at the hour of Two A. M. on the crest of Dam No. 1, two miles away. It is possible that before the complaints are adjusted both management and guests will have visited several other dams in the neighborhood.

It is considered bad taste at this hotel to flavor your coffee with Worcester Sauce.

Guests are requested not to find fault with the coffee as we never use any cheaper brand than Tarbuggle's, for which we pay seven cents a pound.

It is respectfully requested by the management that guests do not leave their false teeth on the tables. Trouble oftentimes follows, owing to guests getting them mixed.

Ask for everything you don't see and the management will see that you get it—in the neck.

Unmarried gentlemen are earnestly cautioned to be careful against designing females. This is LEAP YEAR.

No lady is allowed to kiss her husband under the mistletoe.

A class will be formed daily for personal instruction in mistletoe customs. It will meet in the hall each evening at candlelight. Gentlemen desirous of receiving instructions will kindly apply to the committee of education. Every lady guest is chairman of that committee.

Lessons on the latest dances, the snowshoe trip, the ski flop, the coyote lope, the rattlesnake wiggle and the chuckawalla wallop can be obtained on application to the management.

Guests who insist on stealing our red-hot stoves are respectfully requested to wear gloves. We will not be responsible for burns.

Ladies with cold feet are requested to leave them by the open fire before they retire.

Parties of guests who wish to discuss the war will leave daily at three A. M., one for Kaiser Crest, another for King George Peak, and the third for Hell Hole. Those who indulge in war talk in the hotel will immediately be banished to the latter place.

The management respectfully requests that gentlemen who are in the habit of jawing their wives refrain from doing so after they have retired. The room partitions are thin.

The morning after our arrival I had the choice set before me of skiing, snow-shoeing or tobogganing. Twenty-five years before, I had gained some trifling proficiency in the use of skis, but never since had had opportunity to use them; so, instinctively, I leaned to the long, slim strips of wood with turned-up toes and fastening straps in the center, and stood while an obliging friend kindly adjusted them to my feet. As soon as he gave the signal I felt peculiarly and unfortunately clumsy. I was all feet, and I felt it would be a great feat, indeed a pair of feet, to make my feet do the simplest thing, thus hampered by these seven-foot-long shoes. But I pushed out onto the level snow, and soon the easy motion came back to me. In snow-shoeing one lifts the foot as clear of the snow as possible, and puts it down again, as in ordinary walking; but in skiing the shoe is slid along over the snow. Only in soft snow, or ascending a slope, does one lift the ski from the surface. It sounds easy enough when an expert tells you to glide along over the snow. But snow is not always the same, neither are all surfaces as level as they ought to be for a new beginner. After snow has been partially melted and then frozen it is a very different material from what it is when soft and flaky. It is like ice, and the skis slip over it with a speed and suddenness that are startling in the extreme—to a tyro. Then, too, when one comes to an irregularity in his pathway, as, for instance, where the snow has partially melted around the trunk of a tree, all roads seem to lead to that tree; for, do what one will, the skis perversely slide forward, sideways, backward, or all ways together, down the slope. It takes resolution, courage, skill and strength to overcome these perverse tendencies of the inanimate skis. One knows they are inanimate, and therefore ought to be perfectly under his control. He, the human, the mental being, reveling in the power of thought over mere material substance, ought to be able to go *as* he

wills, *where* he wills, *how* he wills, and *when* he wills. But, inanimate or not, the skis *seem* to be the subjects of demoniac possession. The most will-full just have to go the way the skis go. I've willed again and again, but all to no purpose. In plain, simple English, the skis just ran away with me, and I had to stand on them and submit. It was humiliating, of course, but evidently necessary to my training, my mental and moral discipline—possibly my physical discipline. I was told it would be a great strain upon my ankles, big toes, the calves and thighs, but, except on the toes—which I will explain later—I found the strain to be on my torso, but mainly on my mind. I was all the time wondering where I was going next, where I should fall, when, how, and how much it would hurt. For I fell again and again, sometimes forwards, even alighting on my elbow, face, and nose; oftener backwards, dropping in such sudden, unceremonious and forceful fashion that I felt as if a piledriver had suddenly reversed and had thrust my spinal column through the roof of my skull. Strain on my legs? Not a bit of it. At the end of the week I hadn't a lame muscle down there anywhere, while my elbows were skinned, my face scraped, my nose peeled, my feelings hurt, my spine jarred from pole to pole, and my torso strained from center to circumference, and every muscle of back, chest and abdomen as lame as unusual exercise could make them. My big toes, too, either because they were big, extra big, or merely because they would not, could not, should not, ought not, might not, or did not bend completely over, seemed especially to attract the attention of those perverse skis. Every time I went down the difficulty was to get up. No matter how I fell—forward, backward, sideways, circularly, or spirally—there was but one way, so it seemed to me, that I could get up. That was: I, to roll over until my skis were not penetrating the air in a heavenward direction; II, to get the flat of

them—the underside—down upon the snow. Now, to do this, when one was flat upon the snow, was a task that required judgment, ability, dexterity and a certain amount of unusual juggling with one's body, legs and feet, that, to say the least, didn't come easy. First one side of the body was brought under control, and one ski was properly placed. Then came the crux, the test, the final demonstration of ability. Bending forward on the firmly planted ski, one lifted the other half of his body into line, and flipped, flapped, flopped, or just merely dropped his ski flat-side down on the snow, and by dint of careful and skillful balancing arose to his feet. It was during these falling, straightening over and getting-up processes that one felt as if his feet were all big toes. The strain on them was tremendous, and though it is now over two weeks since the experience, my big toes yet ache and feel sore around the joints whenever they hear the word "skis."

But falling and getting up again was part of the game. The air was pure, cold, delicious and invigorating. One's lungs expanded in the exercise. The whole body, brain, mind and imagination were exhilarated, oxygenated, healthfully stimulated, and one's sense of beauty constantly quickened and aroused, delighted and satisfied by the snow-laden trees around. What did a few tumbles matter? Who cared? After each fall I got up again, sometimes after quite a little rest, sprawling on my back, feet wildly waving in air and looking strangely peculiar, or peculiarly strange, with those long and unfamiliar attachments to them.

But it was when I tried to slide downhill that I awoke to the treacheries, the meannesses, the lurking dangers of inanimate things. I saw a small knoll a little distance away. It was rounded, smooth, and of not too steep approach. From one side of it a gentle slope, apparently without pitfalls, led the eye down toward the lake. Here was an ideal spot for the education of my ski-sliding, or gliding, or tobogganing,

or sledding, or whatever they call it, experiences. With patience and care, caution and awkward balancing I succeeded in scaling the height. It didn't look much, but it felt like a mountain while I ascended. Cautiously—nay, I might almost say, stealthily—I worked my way around and looked down the slope, into the far-away level below. Dare I dare? Of course, I had to—I must! So, inching along until my weight was on the slope, down I went, gaining in speed and losing in confidence. Alas! twenty or thirty feet ahead was a double-track, transverse to the course I was now so recklessly pursuing. It looked like a wagon road through the snow. The woodchoppers had made it, dragging in a log on their sled. But its ruts were deep, and how was I to cross? I didn't have anything to say about it. My thinking was neither quick enough nor of any avail. The skis, the stiffer snow, the force of gravity, the forces of nature totally uncontrolled and uncontrolable—as far as I was concerned—were recklessly hurling me toward death, destruction, or disaster. I didn't know which it would be. Long, long, long before all these things I have written could have been put upon paper, the shock came. Of course, I can laugh at it now, but then—then—ah! it seemed terrible. I lost my balance on the first rut, was wildly gesticulating with all the arms and legs a man ought to have, before I struck the second, and then, rude and ribald spectators would undoubtedly have laughed themselves silly as I flopped, jerked, floundered into the deep snow. How thankful I am that it was deep, also soft! Those facts mitigated my grief, also the shock.

But it took me several minutes to get up again, and more to decide that I was not dead, or at least seriously hurt. I would try it again. I did so. I fell less harshly this time. Once more. A little easier than before. Then I instinctively stooped over and leaned forward when I came to the ruts,

Skiing Down the Hillside of the Island, Huntington Lake Winter Carnival

Snow Shoeing and Skiing Party going out to Inspiration Point from Huntington Lake Lodge

Spectators at a Game of Tennis on Snow Shoes in Ten Feet of Snow

A Novel Game of Tennis, Snow Shoes for Rackets,
Pine Cones for Balls

and, joyful triumph! I went over without losing my balance, slid a quarter of a mile, and felt prouder than did Napoleon after he had crossed the Rubicon, the Alps, the Pyramids or whichever or whatever it was he did cross.

I now began to feel reckless, and just about this time Mr. Clendenning, the snow-sports expert of Huntington Lodge, came along, and induced me to climb a real mountain on the other side of the lake. They tell me now it was only a goodly hill—but truth demands that I record my own impressions. To me it looked like a mountain; my legs and lungs said it was a mountain when I spiraled around it to reach its summit; and my eyes confirmed their judgment when they gazed upon that awfully long and steep slope which led the eye down to the flat and deeply snow-covered surface of the lake beneath.

Would I dare venture to slide down there? It seemed like a rude courting of death! But others had been seduced by Clendenning's dulcet tones, as well as myself, and one doesn't like to play the coward before another's watching eyes. Rather dare and fall, and be laughed at, than sneak away, fall anyhow, and be sneered at, as well as laughed at.

So "Here goes!" I cried, and down the slope I shot. Yes, shot is the proper word. I didn't glide far, though that was what I started out, and fully intended, to do. I think I know now how a shot feels when it leaves a gun. It goes out quickly, but easily, at first. Then as it feels the friction of the air on its surface it begins to roll, to tumble, to rock, and sway—going ahead rapidly all the while—until it strikes its billet. So it was with me. I glided, *glid,* or *glode* for quite a number of yards; then, as my speed increased, I swayed, *swid,* or *swode,* and finally fell, *fill,* or *fode,* and at once chaos reigned. First my head was in the lead, then my feet, with the skis wildly waving in air, then I went broadside, with the right hand in front, only to

roll over the next moment, and present my left side to the cold air, which I materially increased in temperature as I shot through it.

This was "coming it a little rough," but others followed. Mr. Walcott rode his skis like a bird, and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Waterman had fewer falls than I. So we kept at it, and others joined us, until our mountainside was alive with those who were speedily going down, slowly coming up, or rolling, tumbling or falling one way or the other, while the trees above shook off their snow in amazement and delight at the shouts of merriment, jollity, mock terror and affected fear which arose on every hand.

Talk about unadulterated delight! Here we were. Most of us men and women from the city, unused to rude participation in Nature's winter delights on mountain heights, yet already in deep and profound sympathy with them, and enjoying them to the full.

Snow-shoeing I did not enjoy as much as skiing, though many of the party preferred the Indians' method of going over the snow than that of the Norwegians.

But everybody "went in for" the toboggan. There was scarcely a member of the party, old, young, middle-aged, frivolous, dignified, with whiskers or without, who did not take the plunge down the slippery hillside. Two parallel courses had been prepared. A gang of men worked for hours, digging the slides of the proper width, and smoothing down the snow to overcome the bumps and irregularities of the hillside. At the foot of the hill the course shot straight out onto the frozen snow-covered Huntington Lake, and the path was cut out as far as it was deemed any toboggan would be able to ride. A return path was beaten, or dug, on the side of each slide, with snow steps up the steepest part of the hill. A score or more of light, modern, tobog-

Snow Shoeing and Skiing Party at Inspiration Point

The Start of one of the Toboggan Races, First Annual Ice and Snow Carnival, Huntington Lake Lodge

Riding "Belly-Bumper" Down the Toboggan, First Ice and Snow Carnival, Huntington Lake Lodge

The Start of the Standing Race Down the Toboggan, at Huntington Lake, in the Sierras of the San Joaquin

gans were provided, and after a few preliminary rides were taken by the workmen and others, it was declared they were duly ready for the crowd.

The first evening after dinner was over, out we poured. To some, the sport brought back their days of childhood, and they were ready to go down sitting, alone, with three or more "laced" together, or alone "belly-bumper." The men who made the slide were "on-to their job." The first dash was smooth, even, and without bumps. Then, as the speed increased the difficulties began. A slight bump was encountered, which jumped one up in an unaccountable manner, and before one had settled down again, he struck a series of them, which made him think of the rise and fall of a boat on the waves at sea. But here it was the rider that rose and fell, and he knew it by the unceremonious way the sled underneath him had of rising and falling at the time he was fall- and rising. Jolts! jerks! bumps!—any amount of them. But this was not all. Sometimes the "bloom-in' " sled refused to be steered; perhaps it was that the steerer didn't understand his business. Anyhow it tried to run up the bank. If it succeeded over it went and the rider, or the crowd, were tumbled into the snow, with greater or lesser force, according to the rate of speed which had been attained. If, on the other hand, the steerer could right the sled, one merely swayed to and fro, enough almost to lose his balance—not quite—and the scraping of the sled on the side of the slide filled the air with snow, fiercely driven into his face.

I soon came to the conclusion that for myself I would attempt no steering; I would let the sled go as it would. It was a good policy. It went without trouble every time, and, of course, I gained a great reputation for my transcendent skill as a tobogganist. (I've long contended that many reputations rest upon just as solid a foundation as this).

The following morning everybody was out—some even before, but all after, breakfast. This was called an introduction frolic, in which every member of the party was introduced to the snow. The introduction in most part was accomplished by the women who, settling upon the persons to be introduced, pounced upon and buried them in the snow, battling them until they were assured the victim had really learned just what snow was.

Then each went his own way, some to ski, others to toboggan, others to snow-shoe. But each evening, after dinner, saw the crowd at the double toboggan slide, and singles, doubles, trebles, and quadruples went down as fast as was possible. Half way down the slide a watchman stood with a lantern to give the signal when the course was clear, and a director at the starting-point alone was permitted to give the word Go! Thus all possibility of accident was eliminated, that is as far as end-on collisions were concerned. But upsets, overturns, rollings in the snow —they were the joy of life! No one felt really happy until he had had the sensation of being bumped up and down, and then rudely flung or rolled out of the sled into the deep snow. What fun it was! What shoutings, yellings, laughings, and mock weepings at disaster. The women were just as ready as the men; sometimes more so, and they took their tumbles as philosophically, merrily, and uncomplainingly.

Great fun was caused by a dog, belonging to Mr. D. J. Pease, one of the employees of the Power Company. This dog entered into the fun as heartily as anyone there. Mr. Pease's little daughter had provided the dog with a harness, and he pulled her sled to and fro with evident pleasure. Several times, however, the party started out when he was not harnessed, and then, with his young mistress *hanging on to his tail,* thus providing traction, he bounded along as happy as any of the two-footed participants in the

carnival, radiantly and noisily proud to be in such excellent company.

Early Sunday afternoon a snow-storm started and beginning with light flurries, it soon increased to great intensity though unaccompanied by winds. Reclothing the giant pines and firs with great branchfulls of the sheening white, the storm added great picturesqueness, and although the fall was heavy, the mildness of the temperature offered no hardship to even those unaccustomed to snow or the high altitude.

Monday was the big day of the carnival, all of the excursionists assembling for the great frolic program. After a general snowball, the crowd dispersed as usual, a large group, however, going out on skis and snow-shoes to Inspiration Point. This is an outlook point, close to the summit of the Kerckhoff Dome, at the head of the Cable Incline of 2000 feet descent to Cascada, and affording a wonderful outlook over Big Creek Basin and Amphitheater, the Grand Canyon of the San Joaquin, to the foothills and the far-away San Joaquin Valley, and even beyond, to the purple mountains of the Coast Range.

Then came ski races down the mountain slope of the Island, and much fun was caused by the misadventures of those who, like the author, often were unable to preserve their balance.

Just before lunch a unique game was called. Four tennis "fiends" were determined to have a game. The tennis court was buried in eight feet of snow, and only some two feet of the fence was above the surface. Upon snowshoes and with snowshoes for racquets, the game was played, with sugar-pine cones for tennis balls.

After lunch, however, came the final frolics at the toboggan slides. The heavy fall of snow during the night had improved the course, deepened the snow, and covered the hard, slippery surface of the past

days so that it did not seem quite as hard to fall upon. Speed and distance contests soon were in order, and one after another, the pairs of combatants shot down the slide, cheered by their respective fans. There were no speed cops to menace or measure with a limit, and with each slide the track became slicker, until the toboggans drove down the incline like the wind in a gale.

At this point I felt myself urged to "start something." Coming up after a particularly exciting ride, after listening to the brags of the youngsters, my fighting blood grew warm, perhaps hot, and I flung out a challenge to ride any youngster or oldster of the party, both for speed and distance. From Mr. Walter Berten Clausen's account of this contest, in the *Fresno Republican,* I extract a portion of the following description:

> Dr. George Wharton James, a Sierra author-naturalist of fame, furnished much life to the party, and in the contest he, despite his age—some three score years—challenged the excursionists for a speed contest on the slide. Elmer A. Anderson, one of the keenest tobogganists, volunteered. The race was on.
>
> Starter, judge and referee were appointed, and it is even believed that bets of peanuts, doughnuts, chewing gum and candy were placed on the event. Anyhow, there was an abundance of good-natured partisanship, and when the starter gave the signal "Go!" the spectators cheered and yelled heartily. Down the slide the contestants shot, the whiskers of Dr. James flowing behind him on each side. Almost immediately the contestants seemed to reach the base of the slide, and then, as they raced out over the level the partisans above cheered first one and then the other, while the sleds came to a stop, and it was seen the veteran of the Sierras had won by over a length.
>
> On their return to the starting point Dr. James was loudly cheered as victor, and Mr. Anderson equally so on account of the brave effort he had made. Then, suddenly, someone suggested that, because he had lost, Anderson should be rolled in the snow. There are always willing hands at

After a Snow-Storm at Head of the Toboggan Slide, Huntington Lake Winter Sports

Elmer A. Anderson Accepting George Wharton James's Challenge to Race down the Toboggan at Huntington Lake Winter Sports

Fresno Commercial Club Booster Party, Huntington Lake Lodge, in the San Joaquin Sierras

such a party for a little "rough-housing," so, in a twinkling, the defeated tobogganer was seized and thrown headlong into the soft snow, while a dozen ready assistants, male and female, pretty nearly buried and smothered him. But Anderson is something of an athlete, as two or three of those who attacked him soon discovered. With skill and strength he seized them one after another, in spite of the general attack made upon him, and hurled them ten feet away. Thus the high revelry went on.

Bye and bye one enthusiast challenged another to ride "bareback standing." It had seemed to some of the more timid that it was risky enough to go down the steep slide "belly bumper," or sitting, but to go standing "took away their breath." Yet a bold spirit accepted Mr. Walcott's challenge, and in a few moments, when all was ready, the signal was given to start. Walcott went off like a shot, standing upright, and riding his wooden steed like an experienced circus performer, but Mr. ————'s sled would not behave. For all the world like a bucking and unruly bronco it shot first to one side, and tried to climb the bank, then the other, making its rider perform such funny antics that everyone laughed until his sides ached, then, suddenly, Walcott, nearly at the bottom of the slide, and his competitor near the top were bucked off their sleds, thrown into the air and tumbled over and over in the snow.

Then someone dared Dr. James to ride "standing." The dare was accepted at once, and a challenge given for a competitive rider. One was immediately found and the two started off fairly well, but James had not gone far before he was thrown head-over-heels, while his competitor kept his feet, only to be thrown fiercely a little farther down the slide. James, however, recovered his sled, gained a quick seat hold, shot down the incline and across the level, thus winning the race.

These were but a few of the exciting events and are recorded in detail to show how the old became young again in the glorious winter surroundings of Huntington Lake.

And who shall tell of the fun in the social hall each evening, when the great open fire roared itself red in the face of the giant throat of a chimney? Chestnut

roasting, corn popping, apple baking, singing and dancing obtained until a late hour. The author was called upon to tell folk-tales of the Indians who used to make their summer homes in these mountains, and his "How the Karoks Got Fire" will doubtless long be remembered.

On Tuesday morning, February 22, the party returned home, without a single complaint, kick, grouch, or note of discontent. All felt satisfied with his, her, winter experiences, and assured that even these few days had given new health, strength and vigor. So, unanimously, the party agreed that, if possible, it would come again, in the summer to see this glorious region in its summer garb, and then the following winter to renew their enjoyments during this, the First Annual Winter Carnival at Huntington Lake.

CHAPTER VII

MOVIES IN THE SNOW

THEATERS may come and theaters may go, in this our Twentieth Century, but the Movies go on for ever. Like the poor they are ever with us. And movies, too, are not always merely what they seem. In other words, they may appear to give a mere story,—a novel in action,—yet they may, at the same time, be a most effective piece of advertising of some region of country under such conditions that it is desirous to set before the minds of the people.

It was with this latter thought in view, that the moving-picture camera of Claude C. Laval, of Fresno, the skilful and talented artist, whose beautiful pictures illustrate this book, accompanied the "Boosters" of the Fresno Commercial Club, on their first annual snow carnival at Huntington Lake. Mr. Laval was the writer of the scenario, the director, and, assisted by Oliver Kehrlein, the maker of the movies. The subject was *The Ubiquitous Mother-in-Law,* with the following cast of characters:

Mother-in-law.....Miss Netta Sunderland
Affinity.....Mr. B. M. Anderson
Young Wife.....Miss Lorraine Laval
Husband.....Mr. Ray Cooper
Laborer on Hand Car.....Mr. Leon Perraud

Some of the scenes were laid in Fresno, at Roeding Park, but the snow and mountain scenes were taken along the line of the San Joaquin & Eastern R. R., and at the Sports of the Winter Carnival at Huntington Lake Lodge.

The making of the movies afforded as much fun, possibly more, to the Fresno party, as they will to the many thousands who, doubtless, will see them on the screen. Some of the scenes were uproariously absurd and ridiculous. The outline of the "plot" was somewhat as follows:

A young couple is seen seated on a bench in a garden talking over plans for their trip to the Snow Carnival at Huntington Lake. They have visions of what they expect to see and do. The young man shows his wife the proposed trip on map, tracing out the route with the R. R. tickets. He folds up the map and rises from the bench, when he discovers that his mother-in-law and her affinity have been spying on them. He registers a determination that she shall not accompany them. They board the train. Just as the train disappears around a curve, mother-in-law and affinity appear on platform too late. They have missed the train. Navvy is seen pumping a hand-car. Mother-in-law rushes over, pushes laborer out of the way, and boards hand-car. Affinity stands flabergasted for a moment, then draws a "gun" from hip-pocket, proceeds to take an "injection," when immediately he becomes all alive and races after the hand-car. He jumps aboard, and the two go racing after the train. In the meantime the young people are enjoying the scenery. The hand-car catches up with train, and mother-in-law and her companion clambor over the rear platform. They are spied doing so by young people who make their escape by climbing to top of coach. The pursuers go through car, disturbing all the boosters, looking for the young people, but are unable to find them. Crossing to the forward coach the affinity's head is bumped by the foot of the young husband, who is sitting on the roof with his feet hanging over. Rejoicing in their discovery the two scramble up on the roof and a hot argument ensues, which is settled by the son-in-law agreeing that mother-in-law may go

along. Everything is now serene until Cascada is reached. Here the young man assists his wife from the train, and the couple are gazing around at the scenic wonders when mother-in-law grabs the son by the shoulder, and jerking him back, hands him all the suitcases, and taking the young wife by the arm, starts for the stage. This action is not made more agreeable by the affinity who "kids" the son-in-law, as they follow!

Now the scenes of the Snow Carnival are shown, the party indulging in skiing, snowshoeing, tobogganing, etc. Suddenly the mother-in-law and her affinity appear at the top of the slide, accompanied by the young couple. The young man assists his wife onto the sled and is taking his place behind her, when mother-in-law's attention is drawn to them by the affinity. She grabs the son-in-law, pushes him off in the snow and takes his place, the affinity starting them down the hill and jumping aboard, leaving the young man at the top in a rage. On their return, the husband starts in to browbeat his young wife about mother-in-law butting in all the time. In the meanwhile mother-in-law insists she is going to take a ride by herself. Affinity agrees, peels off his coat, and gives the sled a start. In turning around to wave goodbye to her affinity, mother-in-law's fingers become entangled in a loose thread of the jersey. The sled having started, the jersey rapidly unravels, while the young people look on and laugh at the predicament of the affinity, who, standing there admiring his lady-love, does not realize what is happening until he discovers the young people convulsed in laughter. Then, looking down, and seeing his jersey disappear-

*While many members of the party saw the taking of this portion of the scene, few were aware how this "trick" is done. To "movie" artists it is a common event. To produce the desired effect upon the screen the films, showing the unraveling, are merely reversed,—run the wrong way on—and the trick is done, the marvelous happens, the sled comes *up* the hill, and the yarn reknits itself.

ing, he immediately grasps the yarn and begins pulling the sled back up the slide, *his jersey reknitting up all the while.** In the meantime the young man has an idea to get even, so taking a shovel and accompanied by the young wife, they proceed to the foot of the slide and dig a pitfall in the snow. At the same time mother-in-law and her affinity have an argument at the top of the slide, which is finally settled. She proceeds to take another ride, her sled, of course, dashing into the pit dug by the young people who are hidden close by looking on. The affinity, at the top of the slide, is horrified at his darling's disappearance, and proceeds to run pell-mell down the slide to her assistance and digs her out of the snow. She, in her anger, believing her accident was due to his carelessness, pushes him into the pit. The laughter of the young people draws her attention to them, and it dawns upon her that they are guilty ones. Relenting towards her lover, she goes to the pit, drags him out and they proceed out of the scene arm in arm, with the young people following, poking fun at them. A little later they appear in front of the snow fortress. As no one is in sight, love-making is in order. The young people approach unseen mimicking them, when, all of a sudden, heads appear above the fort, look and behold! the boosters have been watching them. A chase ensues, the four people finally finding refuge behind a pile of snow near a cabin. Here they wait awhile; then they look out to see if their tormentors are still after them. Finding the coast clear, they congratulate each other on their escape, and everybody is happy.

Even to the staider members of the party, the rude horse-play of this "plot," was a source of considerable fun. It gave them a glance "behind the scenes," and at the same time revealed how a foolish thread of a story might be used to show to thousands of people the delights of the winter in the fascinating region of Huntington Lake Lodge.

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